

AS SEEN FROM THE TOP



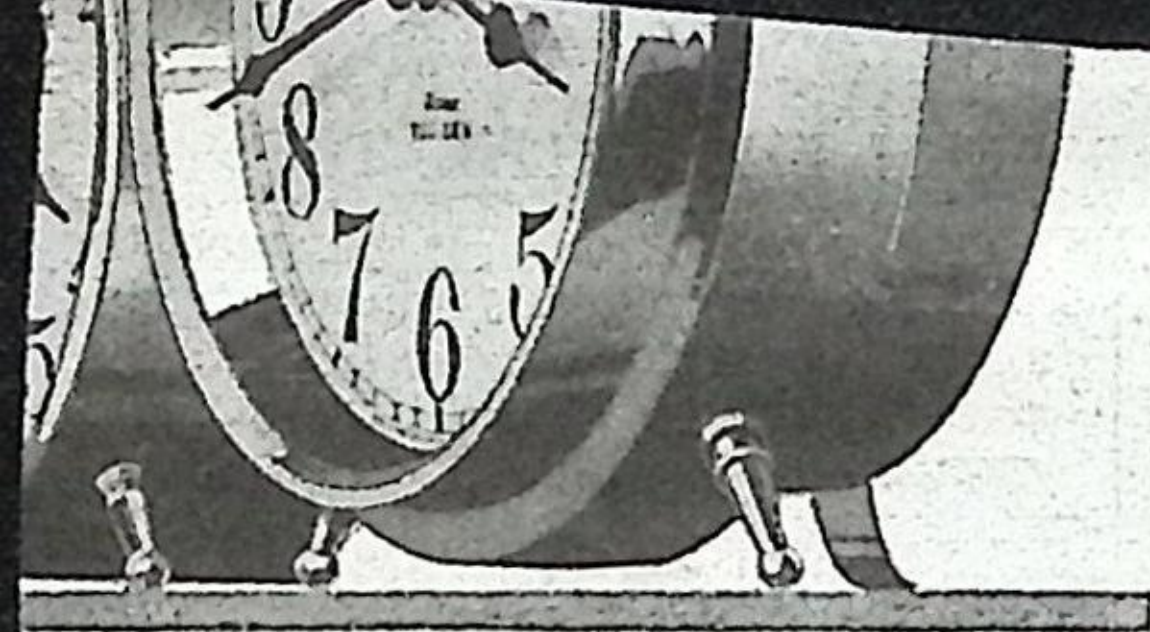
WHAT a contrast there is between the hot climb up a rocky mountain side and the rest in the cool wind that always blows at the top! Down below we always saw the ruts and the rocks in the path. We saw the thorns and the bushes that held us back and tore our clothes. We spoke about how rough the granite rocks were as we climbed and dragged each other upward. We remarked about the hot sun and the stillness of the air at the foot of the mountain. We thought how confined and close it seemed between the hills and among the trees. We stepped on thorns and sat down with wry face to pick them out. We wondered why the gnats and mosquitoes and sweat bees were so much worse among the scrub oaks than out on the prairie. So up and up we went, climbing the long, winding trail that led to the top.

But how different the atmosphere, both figuratively and literally, when we made the last turn and came out on the top of the peak! It seemed that the whole world had suddenly opened before us. Down at the foot of the mountain on the east is the big lake. Away across the shining water the country stretches off to white limestone hills. From north to west, as far as the eye can see, stretches a granite range of high peaks. What a big, big world it is, and how wonderful to look out and see it all at once! It is so big that it fills our eyes and our souls for a long time, and not a word is spoken except exclamations of wonder and awe.

What of the gnats and the ruts and the thorns now? Where are they all this time as our eyes have been trying to take in the broad world at one sweep? They seemed so important a few short minutes ago, but now they are forgotten or swallowed up in the bigger thing that has filled our eyes and thoughts. There is no room for them—or, at least, if they have a place they are so small in comparison that they are not worth mentioning. Gnats do not fill a big place among mountain ranges.

So it is in life. There is a summit for each of us—man or woman or child. Up there we can see life as a great, wonderful thing that God has opened for us; the landscape is a purpose so big and wonderful that it fills the whole vision as far as life can go. Up there the little things that once seemed so annoying and so important are forgotten, or at least seem so unimportant in comparison that they are not to be mentioned.

Have you caught sight of the bigger purpose in life? Have dollars and selfish ambition and bickerings and quarrelings sunk away into insignificance in the wonderful vision that you have seen and the great purpose that you have taken up for the world?



and clocks

The average boy isn't naturally destructive. When he starts prying at an alarm clock it's a sign of boy-curiosity rather than a desire to put the clock on the attic shelf.

Let a boy understand a clock and he will usually respect its inner workings.

Many grown-ups forget that *any* timekeeping mechanism, to keep good time, must stay in proper order. This holds true whether the clock is dressed in